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A Future Wife.

There is an old tradition that the man who
wakes alone at midnight on All Hallows' eve
will see his future wife.

It is indispensable that the man should be
alone, and that he should begin supper while
midnight is striking from the nearest, steeple
and that a cover should be laid opposite him
as for an expected guest.

Lord Peregrine was a great believer in old
traditions, but no believer in marriage. He
was too rich and too poor to care about en-
cumbering himself with a family, too good
natured to risk breaking a pretty wife's heart
by his incurable propensity for roving.

Foreign travel develops one's reverence
for home traditions, and, sitting outside
Tortoni's on the evening of Oct. 31, Lord
Peregrine remembered the legend of All Hal-
low's eve. The collections made him smile.
Perhaps he had lost some of his adoration
for marriage, and was wondering what he
should do in his own country, among new
faces and with no one to care for him. He
felt very old after all his adventures, and the
idea of a devoted wife and a bright home
suggested itself in alluring colors to a man so
situated, and the more so when the man in
question need not worry himself about the
cost of a wife at home. Lord Peregrine looked
at his watch. It was near eleven and the
tide of walkers was followed down the boule-
vard as evenly as at midnight.

"Well," said he, rising with a laugh, "let
me go to a restaurant and see whether the
future holds a wife in store for me."

A restaurant was easy enough to find, but
one with a church near it was not so easy,
for these French are a Godless people. If
Lord Peregrine had been in London now he
might have met twenty churches to one de-
cent eating house, but in Paris the propor-
tion is quite the other way. His lordship
stroled down the boulevards, and reached
the Madeleine; but this church has no clock
or steeple; nor has that of St. Augustine,
discernable on the boulevard a couple of hun-
dred yards further on. However, as the
Englishman was standing on the pave-
ment, trying to remember whereabouts the
more ancient churches lay in this strange
city, he heard 11 o'clock boom from distant
Notre Dame. It was a clear moonlight night
and the cathedral bell is at such times dis-
tinctly audible over half Paris; so Lord
Peregrine entered Durand's opposite the
Madeleine, and ordered supper for two, in a
private room, at midnight, punctually.

The waiter was an old hand at serving
midnight suppers for two.

"Will monsieur require a bouquet?" he
asked, setting forks on the table.

"Yes; why not?" Laughed the peer. "Or-
der me a nosegay of white flowers—rosesbuds
if possible."

The waiter went out and soon returned to
say that the flower girl attached to the es-
tablishment had no white rosesbuds at this
season of the year, but had gone off to the
Passage de l'Opera to see if any could be
procured. He held an evening paper before
the Englishman, brought a glass of the tra-
ditional peppermint liquor, and retired, say-
ing the supper would be served precisely at
11:55.

Lord Peregrine had almost an hour before
him, and as he had passed the previous night
in a railway carriage, and had contracted in
his travels the faculty of sleeping at odd
moments, he stretched himself at full length
on the ottoman and began to doze. In his
slumbers he of course saw a lady in a bridal
wreath, and with a white nosegay start up
before him. Unhappily this lady had the
countenance of the waiter who had just gone
out, and Lord Peregrine dreamed that he
tried to run away from her. He was awak-
ened by hearing the door suddenly open, and
just at that moment the stroke of midnight
echoed through the open window. Lord Per-
egrine had slept his hour, but remembering

the condition of beginning supper while mid-

night was striking, he snatched at a roll, broke it and put a piece in his mouth, then

looked up and saw a girl holding out to him a large bouquet of white rosesbuds.

She seemed to be about 15, and rather ugly than pretty, if her mere features were con-

sidered, but she had that freshness and cheerful expression which Parisians call

beaute du diable. She smiled and said:

"It appears I startled you monsieur?"

"Who are you mademoiselle?" asked the peer with his mouth still full of bread.

"The sister of the flower girl. I went to several shops before I could find the rosesbuds for they are hard to get in October."

"Ah, yes, I remember; well, if there is any faith in traditions, you are my future wife."

These last words Lord Peregrine muttered in English, but the flower girl smiled again, redemling a little.

"Je ne demande pas mieux, milord."

"Hullo! Then you speak English?" cried the peer in some confusion.

"I understand him better than I him speak," answered the flower girl with amuse-

ment, as she dipped her bouquet in the glass jar on the table.

"I believe you French young ladies under-

stand every tongue under heaven when a man speaks it," was the Englishman's phil-

osophical reply, and saying this it occurred to him that the vision of All Hollow's Eve

would come to naught if he supped in com-

pany. He was not anxious to live under the

superstition that he should marry a French flower girl, and so he asked, "I am

going to be alone, missy; will you sit down and sup with me?"

"Oh, no. What would my sister say?" laughed the girl, quietly.

"Ask your sister to join us—the more the merrier."

"My sister has the flowers to mind; and besides, she wouldn't."

I mean no harm, I assure you; but at least do me the favor to break bread with me—it's a custom of my country."

The girl advanced her hand to break off a

piece of the roll which the Englishman held, but of a sudden she withdrew shyly, and

fixed her eyes on him.

"Je crois que, monsieur, vent me jeter un

sort quelconque." (I think you want to throw a spell on me.)

Lord Peregrine protested that his motives

were pure; but the girl was not to be in-

voiced, and there was nothing for it but to

desist. The Englishman drew a hundred-

franc note to pay for his bouquet, and at

the same time he unfastened from his watch

chain a torquise and gold locket.

"Do me the pleasure to accept this, made-

moiselle. I shall know you by it if we ever

meet again."

"I shall know you again without any

locket," murmured the girl, blushing; but

she accepted the gift and vanished, just as

the waiter was entering with a tray burden-

ed with game, mayonnaise and champagne.

He was much astonished to find the English-

man alone.

"I thought monsieur was expecting a la-

dy."

"She has come and gone," answering Lord

Peregrine, and he set to work upon his soli-

tary supper with a good will, which made

the waiter think that these love-roses

which so mar the appetites of Frenchmen

provoke extra voracity in the English.

The next day Lord Peregrine returned to

his own land, but he did not find that he

had improved in his absence. After a few

months he grew moody, and one day set

out fresh on his travels, resolving to stay

away until he had educated himself to sing

in tune with countrymen or until they had

got into harmony with him. He stayed

away ten years, and when he got back to

Europe he was nearly 40 years of age and

had a black beard about a foot long, but

consistently enough with human nature, he

felt younger than when he went away. He

was beginning to ask himself whether he had

spent his manhood to good profit, and was

longing to retrace the path of civilization

ploddingly and submissively, like the rest

of mankind.

In pursuance of this desire he asked the

waiter at his hotel after dinner whether there

was anything doing at the San Carlo, and

was told that the celebrated songstress,

Koлина Filomeli, was giving a series of per-

formance there. The waiter went on to ex-

plain that la Filomeli was the arch-song-

stress of the universe, having been over-

whelmed with applause, flowers and gold

in Milan, Paris, London and St. Petersburg.

She was going to play "Lucia" that evening,

and places were impossible to procure, as it

was a benefit, and all the seats had been en-

gaged a month beforehand.

Lord Peregrine soon proved nothing is

impossible to a man who will pay \$20 for a

seat.

So long severed from the sight of European

beauty and the graces of life, the Filomeli

broke upon him like a ravishing incarnation

of the charms which sweeten existence. Her

beauty was equal to the melody of her voice,

and her voice transported her hearers into

whatever dreams of joy or pathetic melody

she chose to lead them. At the close of the

performance, when the 15,000 spectators

had risen in their frenzy, and were making

the roof shake with their bravos, Lord Per-

egrine walked out steadily and passed his

card to the manager, saying he wished to go

behind the scenes and compliment the Fil-

omeli in person.

The Filomeli was seated on a sofa in the

bridal dress which she had been wearing in

the last act of "Lucia." Waiting till she

turned her glance toward him, Lord Per-

egrine approached her and made a low bow.

"Let me thank you, signora, for the inex-

pressible pleasure you have afforded me."

"Ah, how do you do, milord?" exclaimed

the songstress, quickly rising and extending

her hand to him. "If I have given you a few

hours' pleasure then I have in part repaid

my debt."

"You know me then?" ejaculated the En-

glishman, trying in vain as he gazed at the

beautiful features glowing upon him, to re-

collect where he had seen them before.

"Oh, yes," murmured the Filomeli, arch-

ly yet softly. "I warned you that I should

need no locket to remember you again," and

she pointed to the trinket of gold and tur-

quoise that hung around her neck.

It was the locket which Lord Peregrine had

given, ten years before, to the flower girl of

Durand's.

"Kismet—it was written," muttered the

peer, after a moment's silence. "Will you al-

low me to call on you to-morrow, signora?"

"Yes; we will break bread," she said smil-

ing.

A Gentleman Defined.

London Tit-Bits recently offered a prize for

"the best definition of a gentleman." The

winning definition is as follows:

A knight, whose armor is honor, whose

weapon is courtesy.

The following are some of the definitions

sent in:

A gentleman is one who combines a wo-

man's tenderness with a man's courage.

The mirror of manly manhood.

A man who does his best to do the best.

A man whose money mars not his manners.

Is one who, wherever he may be, remembers

what he is.

The quintessence of true manliness.

The embodiment of male perfections.

A happy result of the combined efforts of

nature, preceptors, and—the tailor.

One whose merits are patent as well as his

shoes.

Manly, honest, generous, pure, a gentle-

man—rich or poor.

A man both cultured and refined who al-

ways has it in his mind, and acts upon it al-

ways, too, to do as he'd have others do.

A human magnet.

A man who gracefully recognizes the rights

of others.

Nature's finishing touch.

The crown of man's accomplishments.

A planet in humanity's constellation.

A gentleman is a person who perfectly

combines self-forgetfulness with self-respect.

A compound of various good qualities that

embellish mankind.

A human brilliant very frequently unpol-

ished.

A man who acts with equal courtesy and

consideration to all men, be they prince or

peasant.

Man's earnest model—with "honor" for its

basis.

A gentleman is one who realizes that there

are others besides himself.

The male unobtrusive tid-bit of humanity

who makes life a success without blustering

or vanity.

Honor personified.

One who knows what honor is and acts up

to it.

A man who treats others with considerate

kindness and respect because he can't help it.

A man who has a great capacity for doing

good.

A man who does unto others as he would

they should do unto him.

He whose first consideration is for the feel-

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Journal of Agriculture.

Arkansas reports good crops of wheat and

oats.

Small grain is suffering from drouth in

South Dakota.

Corn is reported in excellent condition in

Nebraska.

It is said that President Cleveland is grow-

ing uncomfortably fat.

Oats, rye and hay are nearly ready to cut

in Indiana. Corn is clean.

In the vicinity of Hillsboro, Tex., grasshoppers

are destroying crops.

The crops in Minnesota, Wyoming, Colorado

and Idaho are doing well.

Several persons were prostrated by heat at

the world's fair Mouday.

In Washington damage to fruit is general.

Trees are attacked by insects.

The Kentucky house has voted for the

state capitol to remain at Frankfort.

Jas. T. Ball, living two miles from Paris,

Mo., committed suicide last week.

Barley and timothy are heading in Minne-

sota. Wheat and oats doing fairly well.

Fire destroyed a six-story building at

Chicago Sunday, entailing a loss of \$300,000.

Prof. Page has again been re-elected principal

of the Lincoln institute at Jefferson City.

Wheat is a light crop in Michigan. Pastures,

grasses and potatoes are in good condition.

The members of the St. Louis Christian en-

deavor societies will boycott the world's fair.

Potatoes are being dug in Ohio. Clover

harvest is progressing. Oats and rye are

doing well.

Wheat harvest is under way in Kentucky.

Rust damaging it places. Oats and hay are

fine.

The lemon and pear crops of Georgia have

been damaged by wind and rain in